St. Charles

RESTORATION AND PROPHECY

—Anne Fremantle

THE

Commonweal

"THE NEW CLASS"

Communism's Enemy Within

by Michael Harrington

MEXICAN FARM WORKERS

At the Prevailing Rate

by Ted Le Berthon

Leonard Wolf Richard Hayes

Philip T. Hartung Jean Holzhauer Edwin Kennebeck

olume LXVII, No. 5 November 1, 1957 Twenty Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Coming Issues

BETTE RICHART on Cornelia Connelly: "Had it not occurred a hundred years ago, the life of Cornelia Connelly would seem to belong to a Graham Greene novel. She was frequently confronted with overpowering either/or decisions which would have impaired the integrity of any ordinary human being. We like to think that virtue is its own reward. . . . In Cornelia Connelly's case this comfortable axiom was especially ironical; for her virtue was its own punishment in a most explicit way."

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON writes on the oriental cultures: "In the East, as in the medieval West, man's primary and fundamental allegiance was not to his nation but to his religion, and men thought of themselves as Muslims or Hindus or Buddhists or Sikhs, rather than Egyptians or Indians or Indonesians. The one great exception is China, and China was not a nation but a civilization — and a civilization of a very unique and exclusive character which had been identified for thousands of years with a particular tradition of thought and distinctive ideals of moral behavior."

DEREK STANFORD writes about the younger British writer: "Violence, whether national or individual, has a way of bringing opinion to a head, of precipitating in clearer terms what we have previously been more dimly feeling. Yet those in touch with literary opinion, at the time of the Suez crisis, could not but contrast the multiple reactions with the comparatively uniform response made by an earlier generation in the face of the Spanish Civil War."

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER:
17 ISSUES FOR $2
FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2. Send The Commonweal for the next 17 weeks to:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

11/1/57

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 115

Communism's Enemy Within
by Michael Harrington 118

Ice Cream: A Poem
by Leonard Wolf 121

At the Prevailing Rate
by Ted Le Berthon 122

Restoration and Prophecy
by Anne Fremantle 126

A Word About Conservatives
by John Cogley 129

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 130

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 131

Books 132

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Contributing Editors
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1957 in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 20c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

CATHOLICS IN THE UNIVERSITY II

LAST WEEK, when we wrote of the troubled relations that exist between Princeton University and the Catholic chaplain assigned to it, we discussed primarily questions concerning that particular situation. But even more important are those questions which extend beyond the Princeton area, questions which must interest all who are concerned with the position Catholics assume in the intellectual life of America.

The universities of this country have no monopoly on the intellectual life of America, but, in spite of their critics, they are the soil from which it springs. They both shape and reflect the form that life takes. And they also shape the attitude of the student toward the problems of the intellectual life. Although open to easy distortion, it is fair to say that the attitudes—as distinct from particular ideas or beliefs—which are the student's when he leaves the university will probably be his throughout his life. It is at least partially in recognition of this fact that American Catholics have developed their impressive school system.

In the simplest terms the problem of the Catholic in the university is to make viable that truth which he acknowledges as a Catholic while he seeks the truths which are the ends of the various scholarly disciplines. This problem exists for the Catholic whether he is in attendance at a Catholic school or not, but the temptations to abuse the truths provided by his faith take different forms. Because he has the truth guarded by his Church, the Catholic educator may often minimize the importance of other truths sought by the intellect. But, even more harmful, he may, in the name of truth, counter or dismiss as error what is original, disconcerting, but true. He may wish to extend into scholarly areas the authority which properly resides in the certain truths of his faith.

The Catholic student who attends a secular university may encounter the same error, but completely reversed. Not only may his religious beliefs *not* be regarded as an advantage, they may be seen as a positive disadvantage. For, he will be told, to assert that some truths are not only knowable but known is to limit the spirit of free inquiry; it is to inhibit the search for the truths of the various disciplines. And, if the student wishes, he can be shown errors that resulted from the improper intrusion of authority into different areas of study, particularly the physical sciences.

These are attitudes that the Catholic student is likely to encounter in his intellectual pursuits, and they are, unfortunately, present in even leading universities. Neither attitude suggests an understanding of truth. They do suggest that the problem for the Catholic student does exist, that it is extremely difficult, and that it is not fully resolved even in our leading universities.

SOME YEARS ago, Father Gerald Vann, O.P., wrote about Catholic journalism for this magazine. Although he addressed himself to the problems of the journalist, what he said is pertinent to the intellectual life generally. "It is not enough," he said, "to have the truth oneself, in the sense of knowing the Church's teaching about the Trinity, the Incarnation, and so on; truth is a question also of *mode,* of the mode of approach to other facts, other beliefs, other problems; it implies clarity, but it also implies sympathy; it implies critical judgment, but it also implies charity, for God Who is truth is also love."

This, surely, must be the attitude of all Catholic educators and students, all who participate in the intellectual life. In a pluralistic society one must expect to encounter "other beliefs, other problems."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And to repudiate what one recognizes as an error it is not necessary to castigate the one who holds it. One is unlikely to correct an excess or error in the intellectual order by an opposing excess or "error" in the moral order. Nor will it lead to a dialectic in which truths may be more closely approached.

The gathering force of self-criticism by Catholics indicates a renewed desire to assume a more proportionate share in the nation's intellectual life. The sympathy and charity which Father Vann mentioned must be a necessary part of their assertion. To say this is to say nothing that has not been said on innumerable commencement programs. But the need to transform the slogans into reality is now sharply evident. Not until such charity and sympathy are realized, not merely agreed upon, but felt in the very bone and marrow of intellectual discussion, will real progress be possible.

SUPPORTING THE U.N.E.F.

IT IS A source of chagrin that continuance of the lightly-armed U.N. force of men from nine smaller nations, which has maintained peace on the Egyptian-Israeli border for the past year, should be severely threatened by lack of funds. This patrol force of 5,400 men has kept a highly incendiary situation well in hand. In acknowledgement the United Nations, preferably through proportionate contributions from its membership—or, if that is blocked, by contributions from most individual U.N. members—should supply the funds required for another year.

Lester B. Pearson of Canada, latest winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, believes that the U.N.E.F. constitutes an ideal method for preventing little wars. He has told the Canadian House of Commons that a hundred-man force patrolling the Syrian-Turkish border in white U.N. jeeps would comprise the best means of warding off any hostilities in the present furor. This would require a two-thirds approval in the General Assembly but would place responsibility for keeping the peace where it belongs. Similar peace-preservation contingents could be called into action whenever a war between neighbors threatened, or when—as in the present instance—outrageous Moscow propaganda had brought things to a fever pitch. It would spread the responsibility in the face of Russia's persistent attempts to have all the big decisions in the world made simply by agreement between Washington and the Kremlin.

INTRA-PARTY STRUGGLE

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY continues its struggles to define itself. The Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee made the news recently with a series of general pronouncements on economic questions, foreign policy and, most significantly, civil rights. The statements are in themselves worth consideration, but they are perhaps most noteworthy in that they reflect the increasingly serious division in the Democratic Party.

Adlai Stevenson, former President Truman, Governor Harriman of New York, Governor Williams of Michigan and Senator Estes Kefauver are among the major influences on the Advisory Council. But some of the most important Democratic leaders in Congress have been conspicuously unenthusiastic about the membership and views of the group; both Senate Majority Leader Johnson and House Speaker Rayburn have declined to serve on it.

The recent statement by the Council on the civil rights problem concentrates, not unexpectedly, on the mistakes and failures of President Eisenhower and his Administration in the area of civil rights. It does not mention Democratic segregationist leaders in and out of Congress; it does not refer to Democratic Governor Orval Faubus. Nevertheless, it takes a very strong stand on civil rights, a stand which may be interpreted as a kind of ultimatum to Southern Democrats. Some of the decisions of the Council—such as the directive to its staff to study the question of what new civil rights legislation should be taken up by the next Congress—run directly counter to strong Southern sentiment.

The members of the Council are, of course, quite aware of this fact. Statements on civil rights by National Chairman Paul Butler not long ago provoked Southern Democrats to threats of forming a third party, and Mr. Butler's reply to them amounted to, "So be it." This view has now been reiterated by Governor Harriman, who has been quoted as saying, "The issue has been made."

Political party alignment in the United States has become increasingly confused, and a genuine commitment to civil rights by the Democratic Party (a move no doubt suggested as much by expediency as by principle) will not set all the confusions straight. Indeed the greater part of the political program called for by the Democratic Council does not differ markedly from "progressive Republicanism." Nevertheless, a step has been taken in the direction of meaningful party organization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A political re-grouping of this sort—by both parties—would be a painful and difficult process undoubtedly, but in the long run it could only be beneficial—to Democrats, to Republicans, and to the nation's political health.

LID OF SECRECY

REPUBLICANS like Senators John Sherman Cooper, Clifford Case and Jacob Javits, as well as — interestingly enough — Vice President Nixon, are apparently prepared to face the implications of *sputnik* for America. But other figures inside the Administration are still trying to play down the extent to which the Soviet Union has surpassed us in the missile field, and why. Thus when the newspapers recently showed an interest in finding out the details of our lagging missile program, the scientists in charge of our various projects were issued a strict order to say nothing to reporters. This directive will, we suppose, be described as a routine security measure. But one need not be overly suspicious to think that its purpose is not so much to keep data from the Russians as it is to prevent certain information from reaching the American people. In any case, we think the move was ill-advised. The hush-hush technique may work for a while, but as things stand now we doubt that any Administration-imposed secrecy regulations will be able to prevent a thorough and much-needed airing of the reasons behind our scientific lag.

WINDSCALE'S FALL-OUT

AN ALARMING reminder of the nuclear-weapon peril under which all of us are living in a hostilely divided world has come from rural Cumberland, England. When a "fire" unexpectedly broke out in a reactor shut down for some time for maintenance work and discharge of wastes, an area of two hundred square miles inhabited by eighty thousand people was affected. The milk of cows from pastures near the molten Windscale plutonium factory reactor was found to contain six times the amount of radioactive iodine that can be tolerated for human consumption; it had to be thrown into the sea for fear that other more permanently radioactive elements would activate local drains. Some radiation burns were suffered by decontamination salvage workers, and one worker, sent home with gloves on, still had radioactive fingertips after being scrubbed with brushes in twelve successive baths.

The experts decided that the only safe way to cool down the reactor was to use water. Undoubtedly this has ruined the reactor and knocked out one-third of Britain's plutonium-producing capacity for many months. This is a severe blow to our ally's atomic warhead program, but the British people are most aroused about their Atomic Energy Authority's handling of the whole affair. They are also wondering why such a thing should occur there after seven years without a mishap. Obviously the whole plutonium process is not yet fully understood. The fact that Calder Hall and other more modern nuclear plants use different cooling systems is not in itself sufficiently reassuring, nor is the latest A.E.A. report that the British are now close to converting H-bomb power for civilian use. Britain is so committed to nuclear energy for both defense and industrial purposes that it appears to have no alternative but to face whatever dangers such a policy involves and seek to reduce them to a minimum.

SPUTNIK JOKES

IS THERE something basic in human nature that leads us to joke about that which we cannot control? For the first twenty-four hours after its launching the reports on *sputnik* were straight news, and comments by the people we saw tended to be serious and sober. Then the inevitable began. In conversation, TV newscasts, gossip columns, and the like, *sputnik* somehow began to take on certain friendly, almost lovable characteristics. A *sputnik* tie hit the market within forty-eight hours. *Sputnik's* beep-beep was no longer quite so ominous; in whimsical fashion, it triggered the electronic device on one man's garage door so that it opened every time the Russian moon passed overhead. One lady even reported that she was receiving the beep-beep signals from *sputnik* on her metal hair-curlers. And, of course, countless nightclub comedians added *sputnik* jokes to their repertoires faster than you could say Joe Miller. As a final touch, though, we are now told that *sputnik* is viewed by the toy industry as a real boon. This Christmas, we read, department stores will be pushing "space" as if it had just been invented—a supposition shared, perhaps, by outgoing Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson. Anyway, it is encouraging to think that *sputnik* is going to give the toy manufacturers a boom Christmas. Or is it?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communism's Enemy Within

Milovan Djilas's study of the nature of Communist society is not simply an analysis of historical development; it is a product of that development as well.

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THERE IS NO such thing as an academic dispute over present-day Russian society. For in this area, politics is such an immediate consequence of theory that each definition, each simple description, is also the basis of a program of action. The momentous events since Stalin's death have made this all the more obvious. How one explains Khrushchev's speech (was it an act of desperation? or of supreme confidence?), or Gomulka, or the Hungarian Revolution, is crucial to foreign policy.

As Irving Howe noted last year in a *Partisan Review* symposium, all of the seemingly other-worldly debates of radicals in the thirties over the "Russian question" have become a matter of immediate and broad concern. The English Laborite G. D. H. Cole sees a core of progress at the center of Russian totalitarianism; the ambiguities in his feelings about the Hungarian Revolution are a function of this fact. George Kennan believes that it is possible to hope that the Russian regime will "mature," that it will become more rational as time goes on; and therefore he advocates a policy of patient non-intervention, a kind of liberal isolationism. The examples could be multiplied, but the point is clear enough. One's sociology of Russian society is intimately connected with one's proposals of how to deal politically with the international situation.

Taken in this context, the appearance of Milovan Djilas's *The New Class* (Praeger. $3.95.) does not simply signal the publication of another book. A study of the nature of Communist society by a former leader of Yugoslavian Communism raises basic political issues: it is an event as well as a theory. To discuss it, one must range over a whole series of questions; ultimately one must deal with the very practical problems of the developing opposition within the Communist system and the political reaction which they should call forth.

In the first place, Djilas's book is not simply an analysis of the historical development of Communism —it is a product of that development as well. Consequently, his theory must be taken not only for its intrinsic worth, but in its significance as a symptom of a process which is still going on.

Djilas's central theme is that Communism is a new form of class society, that it is not socialism but rather the power of an exploitative system previously unknown to the world. The idea is not new. It was first put forth by the members and heirs of the Bolshevik generation which made the Revolution, and it marked their consciousness of the perversion of their own deeds. One of the first to suggest this conception was Christian Rakovsky, an old Bolshevik and close associate of Trotsky's in the twenties. By the early thirties there were partisans of this theory in Stalin's prisons, as Anton Ciliga described them in his *Russian Enigma*. And just before the second world war, a section of the old Communist opposition broke with Trotsky on this point. James Burnham, in his *Managerial Revolution,* saw Russia as the prototype of the new class society of the future; Bruno Rizzo described the "bureaucratization of the world"; and Max Shachtman worked out a theory of Russian "bureaucratic collectivism" within the framework of a democratic Marxism.

BUT THESE THEORIES were the product of the agony of the destruction of all that had been idealistic in the Russian Revolution; they were the bitter results of the disillusionment of the old revolutionary generation. Djilas's theme bears a logical relation to these ideas, but the actual context in which

Mr. Harrington writes frequently on political and cultural matters for this and other publications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is stated makes it something else again. For Djilas is a member of the generation of Stalinism, one of those against whom the old Bolsheviks had fought. His work does not result from the end of a Revolution, it is rather the herald of a beginning. *The New Class* is of a piece with East Germany in 1953, with Poland and Hungary in 1956. It is a highly significant expression of the emergence of an opposition *within* Communism.

Throughout the Communist world there are Party members who are coming to an understanding of the monstrous system which they serve. In Poland, the youth paper *Po Prostu,* which played such a crucial role in the events of last October, even suggested the very idea of the "new class" which is Djilas's central theme. In Hungary, it was the discussions of the Communist intellectuals in the Petoffi Circle which developed into the Revolution. In other countries the process has not gone as far, yet it is unmistakably taking place. Wolfgang Hairich, the young Communist philosophy professor recently jailed by the East Germans, believed that the regime could be reformed. Yet even his prison term failed to stop the ferment. Two economists began to write on the "transition period" and to demand that the people be allowed some participation in the running of the country.

Djilas gives both a refutation of the hope of reform and an explanation of the process which gives rise to these criticisms and, ultimately, to a break with the regime. For him, the Communist state "while proclaiming to abolish social differences . . . must always increase them by acquiring the products of the nation's workshops and granting privileges to its adherents." This results in a tremendous gap between the official socialist rhetoric and the grim exploitative reality. It "corrodes" the very ranks of the ruling class itself. And here the problem posed by Hannah Arendt in her *Origins of Totalitarianism* is resolved. How, she asked, could opposition organize in a society which was so thoroughly atomized by the ubiquitous control of the Communist Party? The analysis of Djilas provides the answer: the opposition organizes within the ranks of the Party itself.

And this internal opposition inside the Communist Party is only the reflection of a more massive discontent. For Communism, as the most "rational" class society in history, provokes the most universal hatred. The very efficiency with which it fragments social life creates a deep and thorough-going unity. When the outburst comes, as it did in Hungary, there is a virtual unanimity, extending from the rebellious section of the Party through all classes in the nation. All the people are swept by the same violent imperative: to overthrow the tyrants who mask themselves as friends of the people.

Thus the symptomatic importance of Djilas. His worked-out theory is the manifestation of a consciousness which is at various stages of development in the Communist world. It goes far beyond those who, like Hairich, believe that the totalitarian society can be reformed; it is much more sophisticated and articulate than the inchoate rage of the vast masses who live under Communist tyranny; yet it is a product of this momentous historical process, an event in the emergence of the anti-Communist revolution and not just another book. There are many points which I would criticize in *The New Class,* but the decisive insight—that Communism is a new, exploitative society—is of a historical significance. This Tito has understood. He has jailed the author, for he knows that *The New Class* is agitation for a revolution and not merely sociology.

BUT DJILAS'S book is of interest as a theory as well as a symptom. And here his analysis must be placed in its political context, must be seen as relating to action.

In a sense, Djilas stands between two of the most basic theories about Russian society, and as a result his work is the basis of a political hope. On the one hand, there are those who regarded the monolithic power of the Communist state as impenetrable, a force which could only be defeated from the outside. Hannah Arendt's *Origins of Totalitarianism* (a magnificent description of one *phase* of the Communist development, of the brutal and apparently all-powerful movement toward the consolidation of the power of the new class) leads toward such a pessimism. And on the other hand, there are those who look to some kind of gradual evolution of Communist society, say Isaac Deutscher or George Kennan. The political implication of the first theory bolsters a program of military struggle against Communism, for it sees little possibility of internal change. The second orients toward some kind of non-interventionism, for its hopes are pinned, not to revolution, but to gradual evolution.

The core of Djilas's approach is a rejection of both these points of view. As pointed out before, his analysis of the internal strains and stresses of the regime opens up the way for a hope of internal change. He understands the dynamic which made the Hungarian Revolution, an event which was highly improbable in the terms of Hannah Arendt's conception. But at the same time, he is far more hard-headed than Deutscher and Kennan, for he understands the brute mechanism of power inside Communism which militates against any serious theory of top-down reform. I say the core of Djilas's theory advisedly, for he is not completely consistent in his own hard-headedness. When he begins to postulate an inevitable tendency toward world unity, when he moves outside of his analysis of Communism, he becomes too sweeping, even lyric.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Djilas does understand that democracy and Communism are fundamentally antithetical, that the Russian system excludes real democratization in its very essence. He writes, "To divest Communists of their ownership rights would be to abolish them as a class. To compel them to relinquish their other social powers . . . would mean that Communists were being deprived of their monopoly over property, ideology and government." For it is precisely the undemocratic control of the minority which is the basis of the social power of the Communists. The state owns the means of production; the Party "owns" the state. To democratize the state is to expropriate the Party, to overthrow the ruling class.

ISAAC DEUTSCHER is the representative of a point of view which is almost exactly counterposed to this analysis. For Deutscher, in his *Russia, What Next?,* Stalin's death opened up three major possibilities for Russian society: a reversion to Stalinism; a Bonapartist military dictatorship; the road of gradual democratization. The last possibility, he argued, was the most likely, for Stalinism had created the conditions—literacy, a huge working class, a modern, technological society—which made a return to the past improbable and provided the basis for a progressive evolution into the future. And though Deutscher has modified this view somewhat in his recent *Russia in Transition,* he nevertheless does not understand, as Djilas does, that in the process of building this modern society a new class arose which will defend its privileges with desperate tenacity.

The Hungarian Revolution is a case in point. For Deutscher, the Hungarian Revolution was moving from left to right and Imre Nagy was a "Kerensky in reverse" leading toward the restoration of capitalism. Deutscher himself is an anti-Communist, but his theory often leads to political judgments which are, as in this instance, comforting to the Communists. Since he believes that Russian society has a progressive core, a tendency to evolve into democratic socialism, violent outbursts of democracy in the streets of Budapest become difficult to deal with, threaten the mechanism of gradualism in which he vests his major hopes.

Djilas, on the other hand, could welcome the Hungarian Revolution, greeting it as the "end of Communism." For he understands the limits of gradualism: "The method of establishing totalitarian control, or ideological unity, may be less severe than Stalin's, but the essence is always the same." Such a remark is a needed corrective to those who viewed the recent purge in Moscow as a step in the right direction, the victory of a "peace" faction over the die-hards. The all-important mechanism of Khrushchev's coup was basically and fundamentally anti-democratic. The rapacity of the purge had been braked, but not the purge itself.

In the same way, Djilas's analysis is a criticism of the views of George Kennan. As a more or less logical extension of his "containment" theory, Kennan now sees the major hope in the organic maturing of Russian society. The politics which are dictated by such an attitude are those of non-intervention, of wait-and-see, holding the line while the forces of age work their progressive effect. Kennan's view has the advantage of being thought-out and consistent, but it is the expression of the instinctive policy adopted by the United States Government during the Hungarian Revolution. It is a conception which is literally helpless in the face of the anti-Communist revolution which is symbolized in Djilas's theme of the new class.

Djilas's point of view is counterposed to the extreme pessimism of those who saw an impregnable monolith in Communist society; but it is equally hostile to an optimism which looks for creeping democracy or the rational maturity of age. Now we must ask: what are the political ramifications of such a theory for us?

DJILAS DOES not really formulate a political program, though there are the ambiguous references mentioned before. But it is pointed out in *The New Class* that the historic viability of the Communist system resides in its drive toward industrialization. And this immediately raises the clichéd, yet vital, programmatic point that a serious anti-Communism must simultaneously be a social alternative to Communism, must answer the questions which gave rise to Communism in the first place. Almost a decade ago we were in the midst of the rhetoric of Point Four, and even that was woefully inadequate to the revolutionary task before us. But today we have retrogressed from even such mild proposals.

Secondly, there is the problem, which Djilas raises both in his analysis and symptomatically, of the anti-Communist revolution. If it is now apparent that Communism is not the impregnable monolith some once thought it, if there is not only the possibility but the actuality of an internal opposition, what can a nation like America do to aid the cause of democracy, the cause of the anti-Communist opposition? A Deutscher and a Kennan are logically not really concerned with this problem. But anyone who accepts the basic insight of Djilas' book, who recognizes Russia as a new class society presided over by a ruling class which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must and will cling tenaciously to its privileges, must face it and face it squarely.

One need not be grandiose or ultimate; there are immediate steps. For instance, the Russians (playing the very good odds that their offer would be rejected) long ago proposed a withdrawal of troops from Europe on the part of both camps in the Cold War. An American offer to do precisely that in those crucial days when the Hungarian Revolution hung in the balance would have had an electrifying effect—and more than that, it might actually have helped the revolutionaries. At any rate, now that we know that the Russian potential for aggression in Europe has been severely weakened (with the sullen, hostile population of the satellites at the rear), is it not time to re-think a policy which was based on the theoretical imminence of actual invasion?

But more than that, it is necessary to understand the political dynamic of the anti-Communist revolution. It must be remembered that Djilas, like the workers of Hungary, is not for capitalist restoration. The political content of the anti-Communist revolution is the demand for democracy—and that does not include the return of the land to the old landowners nor the restoration of the old urban ruling classes. As far as we have known it, the struggle within Communism is, as in the case of Djilas himself, a movement toward some form of democratic socialism. Indeed, this last point is reinforced by the United Nations Report on Hungary. And that means that a policy really directed toward the destruction of Communism, oriented toward actually aiding the revolution, must have social aims which meet the aspirations of the people.

As a theory, *The New Class* has a basic and decisive insight, even though sometimes modified by questionable judgments. As a historical document, as the manifestation of the most significant process of our time, the changes inside Communism, it has a meaning which we can ignore only at our peril.

ICE CREAM

Heat is the first ingredient,
Then, desire, and then, enormous power—
Proof he is the puissant emperor.

Proof! For this, the runner has been sent
Against the heights of the Himalayas,
Up, up, up, where he gathers,

Past endurance, unembellished snow.
Gathers, in a straw-lined casket
Wrapped in linen in a wicker basket

Snow, then turns to run again
Down, down, down, across the flint
Of the Himalayas, through the torrents

In his way, panting with the gem
Of snow between his hands; downward
To the lowlands where a slave has poured

A syrup out before the emperor, who waits.
The emperor has gardens of impressive fruit
That ought to cool him. None of it

Will do. He has mulberry, raspberry
And currant bushes. He has peach,
Cherry, lime and lemon trees, which

Give him fruit that makes exquisite
Juice. But everywhere the flies
Buzz, buzz. The empress almost dies
Of boredom, and the emperor of heat.
The empress has a voice that's like the stirring
Of a tiny fruit-fly whirring

In the upper reaches of complaint.
Inside the palace, the parrot's perch is hot.
He shifts his toes and chafes, but is not

Comfortable. Sweet-voiced pages, thrumming lyres
Find the strings are limp. The song
They hoped to make, turns out all wrong.

Because it's hot. Until the runner's
In the palace yard, with bloody feet
And rattling chest. Sweet, oh sweet,

The rasping of those faithful lungs.
The empress is awake; the emperor alert.
Rubies for the runner; physicians for his hurt

Have been commanded. Now, the court
Gathers while the emperor
Exalts the limit of his power.

The breathing heat, and the desire
For a consoling frost or wind
To blow across the badlands of the mind

Define the emperor: that Maharaj,
Perspiring despot of the lowlands goes
To pour a syrup on Himalayas' snows.

LEONARD WOLF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This year more than half a million
Mexican workers pick crops in thirty-nine states

At the Prevailing Rate

by TED LE BERTHON

THE REAR of a Franciscan trailer-chapel was backed into an open-ended quonset hut in a labor camp near Merced, California. It was twilight. Twelve hundred and twenty Mexican men had eaten and washed up after picking tomatoes for twelve hours, much of the time under a broiling sun. These imported *braceros* looked tired, perhaps too tired to talk. For they were quiet as deaf mutes as they sprawled on the ground outside a row of raw, ugly, oblong barracks, covered over with blistered and peeling tarpaper, in which they would sleep. Later, one of the two Franciscan Fathers told me most were homesick and many had wives and children in Mexico.

In their grimy, sweat-blobbed shirts and pants, they were reminiscent of old, unretouched photos of Villa's army of revolutionists. Their sombreros and serapes undoubtedly hung in those dreary bunkhouses, for they were bareheaded, and their rough black hair looked as if never combed. These *mestizos* and Indians varied in skin color. A few were stripped to the waist, revealing crucifixes and holy medals dangling from chains.

As the first stars came out, most of the men gathered in the quonset hut—bereft of chairs or benches—for Benediction, along with a rosary recitation, a sermon, and a litany of the saints, all in Spanish. During the latter, they knelt on the rough cement floor, arms outstretched as if nailed to a cross, and stared raptly. But several of their fellow *braceros* stood outside, grinning through an open window and occasionally jeering at them. One unsmiling fellow in the window group smoked a cigaret at a droopy angle, and looked as if he held all this religious business in contempt.

Also to be heard was the singing and guitar-strumming of others in the bunkhouses. Another dissenting minority? I marveled at the worshippers' powers of recollection. It may have expressed a long pent-up hunger. For the Franciscans told me that after they offered a Mass there about 4 A.M., and drove off to another camp, these *braceros* might never see a priest again before returning to Mexico.

There is a priest-shortage throughout California, and most camp-visiting priests with whom I've talked or corresponded estimate that less than five per cent of the Mexican nationals ever have a chance to go to Mass while in California. They are passed from grower to grower, region to region, crop to crop, and may stay in the state as short a time as forty-five days or for as long as eight months, the length of the entire crop cycle.

This year the National Agricultural Workers Union (AFL-CIO) estimates—unhappily—that 550,000 of these legally imported *braceros* are picking crops in thirty-nine of our forty-eight states. Last year, the U.S. Department of Labor reported 435,425 "legal" *braceros* were harvesting in twenty-five states. This means that growers in fourteen more states have gotten on the bandwagon in 1957 and have certified—truthfully or otherwise—to farm labor shortages in their areas. Even so, *braceros* may represent only a small fraction of the farm labor force in thirty-seven of these thirty-nine states. More than half, as in past years, are concentrated in Texas and California. In these two states, they constitute a kind of seasonal army of occupation.

There are now an estimated 110,000 in California, and, according to the California *AFL-CIO News,* they are driving more and more native-born resident family farm workers out of the fields and orchards—some of them onto relief rolls, as agricultural workers are not eligible for unemployment insurance.

Most of the field hands displaced by the *braceros* from Mexico are U.S. citizens of Mexican descent from the local area, judging from bulletins issued by the National Agricultural Workers Union. The others are Negroes and "poor whites." Some pull up stakes and head for cities, hoping to land unskilled jobs in industry. Some migrant families—no one seems to know how many—still try for seasonal farm work. But families, resident or migrant, have difficulty keeping body and soul together—except where a family has several grown, able-bodied children—on the "prevalent" low wages and/or piece rates. Thus they cannot compete with the "male only" Mexican nationals, a fact that was brought out in a two-year study made for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference by Father Donald C. McDonnell of San Jose, its Cali-

Mr. Le Berthon is a member of the staff of the California *Register,* Monterey-Fresno diocesan paper.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fornia regional director and himself a priest who has long ministered to seasonal farm workers.

Incidentally, "wetbacks"—Mexicans who swim the Rio Grande and enter this country illegally to pick crops—are scarce today. Why enter illegally, as in yesteryear, when they can now enter legally?

THE "PREVAILING wage" for agricultural workers varies from area to area in California. Wages are as low in some areas—such as for cotton and melon pickers in the Imperial Valley—as fifty, sixty, or seventy cents an hour. Agricultural workers are excluded in the Federal $1 an hour minimum wage law, and in any given area growers' associations always fix the "prevailing wage." Wages in some areas are as high as $1.25 an hour, but when they get that high, growers most often switch to piece-rate compensation. Many, according to complaints heard year-in, year-out, pay on whichever basis is to their advantage.

The small farmer, in most cases a member of an association dominated by large-scale agriculturists, has to go along with the "prevailing" rate of compensation set by the big operators. But he has always been at a disadvantage, nonetheless. He often has to pay more, and more often has to hire nearby resident pickers because, whatever his crop, it can be picked in a few days. It has never been advantageous for migrants, most of whom pick by families, to dally anywhere for just a few days. As for the imported Mexican nationals, they have no choice. They work wherever they are sent.

While in a sense the imported *braceros* are an invading army, their status more clearly resembles that of prisoners of war. In the camps and fields, lest any run away, there are armed guards. Theoretically these Mexican nationals have certain, not inconsiderable rights. In practice they have very few. They are contracted for by growers who have certified to an area labor shortage through a state employment agency acting for the U.S. Department of Labor, under the provisions of a 1942 World War II treaty between the governments of the United States and Mexico. This presumably was a wartime emergency measure, as many American farm workers had been drafted by the armed forces. But since the war's end the *braceros* have been brought into the United States in increasing numbers every year. Interestingly enough, however, the importance of these essentially indentured servants has been greatly accelerated since the Republicans came into office in 1953. There were less than two-fifths the number of *braceros* in the United States—and in California—in 1952, the last year of the Truman administration than there are now.

From the beginning, though, the *bracero* had few rights that were enforced or perhaps enforceable. Each, before being brought across the border, is "politically" screened at one of three recruiting centers in northern Mexico. These are at Elpalme, Chihuahua and Monterrey. Each is also tested at one of these places as to muscle and health, much as Negroes sold at auction in pre-Civil War years were "sized" up by plantation owners.

True, every *bracero* is given a copy of his most assuring contract, spelled out in Spanish. This tells him he will be paid the same "prevailing" rate of compensation offered American farm workers in whatever area he labors. It also informs him $1.75 a day will be deducted from his earnings for meals, which sounds reasonable enough. But on this score, most pay exorbitantly for the sort of food they will get, especially when they are fed the Mexican foods they prefer, such as beans and tortillas.

Some growers feed them in their own ranch messhalls. But many growers combine together and contract with concessionaires to both feed and house the *braceros*. When this happens, trucks transport the *braceros* to various fields and orchards in early morning and back to the concessionaire's labor camp when it gets too dark for further picking.

A *bracero's* contract contains a "civil rights" clause that not only entitles him to "hygienic" lodgings gratis, but gives him the right to "determine wages, hours and working conditions by arbitration through his own economic organizations."

But *what* economic organizations? He has none. Moreover he has no tradition of unionism behind him. A carefully guarded captive, he is unorganized and as yet unorganizable. He speaks only Spanish. He has the theoretical right to take his grievance about vile food or housing or long hours to the nearest Mexican consulate. Usually, he can complain only to the Spanish-speaking labor camp foreman. What happens depends on the foreman's humaneness—if any.

Many a *bracero* is bewildered about his small pay check, especially when it shows he earned from $30 to $80 in a given week, but after "deductions"—rarely itemized—he finds he has netted something like $2.47. If he complains too persistently, he may be branded a "Red" or "troublemaker" by the foreman and sent back by bus to Mexico. Sometimes he can take the matter up with a Mexican official who in turn contacts a Mexican consul. There have been thousands of settlements made by growers who later admitted to "bookkeeping errors." But most *braceros* are simple souls. Sent back to Mexico under such circumstances, most simply resolve never to enter the United States again.

FOR YEARS now, one of the most common complaints by *braceros* is that they are given only one blanket to sleep under. In most parts of California days may be quite warm, but nights quite chill. Father Arthur Liebrenz, O.F.M., who tours labor camps in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a trailer-chapel in the Monterey-Fresno diocese, carries a supply of blankets and canned foods with him. He has told me of *braceros* so cold they had torn out floor planks from their barracks and made fires outside, around which they huddled, as it was too cold to sleep inside.

So "Padre Arturo," as they call him, gives them blankets. The canned foods he gives families in the migrant camps, especially those he finds hungry before a first pay day. Gifts of blankets and canned foods are made possible because the Franciscan Provincial of the Santa Barbara (Western) province authorizes use of all Mass stipends for this purpose.

But migrant and local area harvesters are seemingly on the way out, as more *braceros* are brought into California each year. Dr. Ernesto Galarza, national secretary, research director and California representative for the National Agricultural Workers Union, declares *braceros* overwhelmingly dominate in the picking of cotton and seventy-nine other crops in this state. He estimates there are 135,000 local area farm workers available, noting that "they have not dissolved into thin air."

He has informed me that the State Employment Department in Sacramento has refused his requests for information concerning the proportion of resident workers to the *braceros* in various areas for several years now. The department's Farm Placement Service does publish fragmentary percentages in a weekly bulletin. But on checking such percentages in one or another area, Dr. Galarza has found them unreliable.

The attitude of the State employment officials seems to coincide with an over-all conspiracy of silence and concealment. For only in the California *AFL-CIO News* does one ever read statistical figures about how many *braceros* have displaced resident workers in any area. The general public can learn nothing of this from such mass media as daily newspapers, TV and radio. This is understandable because California's agricultural economy is treated like a sacred cow.

California leads all other states in the growing and marketing of citrus fruits and in virtually all fresh vegetables. It leads by a wide margin in its grape, peach, pear, apricot, olive, fig, avocado, walnut, almond, lettuce and melon crops. It is second only to Texas in cotton. Last year the total crop value exceeded three billion dollars.

Attempts to unionize seasonal farm workers have never met with much success. Growers have violently opposed it, at times with armed "vigilantes." They justify their adamant aversion to unions by insisting that many crops could perish in the event of a strike or prolonged negotiations. Unionization does help local area farm workers. But it has been almost impossible to organize migratory families. Most have to make every penny count. Eight years ago a Giannini Foundation study gave the average adult picker's annual income as about $1200. It may be about $1800 now, but living costs also have risen. Driven, uprooted, meagerly educated and hard to keep track of, they have never made good dues-paying unionists.

GROWERS WOULD have one believe they are doing California's taxpayers a great favor in supplanting migrants with Mexican nationals. A *Saturday Evening Post* article (Aug. 10, 1957) by Fred Eldridge, cosily titled "Helping Hands from Mexico" held that as migrants are wanderers and "badly paid," "the only seemingly practical way of improving the lot of these unfortunate people is to help them get out of agriculture and into industry—to replace them with *braceros. In this way both groups have a chance to live in decency."* (Italics mine).

Growers have pointed out, in newspapers and regional magazines, that migrants, chronically destitute, were often drunk and off the job, that many committed petty crimes and landed in jail and had their sick cared for in tax-supported county hospitals. Under his contract, every *bracero,* it was pointed out, must carry death, accident and sickness insurance, the premiums deducted from his pay. Ergo, the *bracero* is not a burden to the taxpayers.

What growers' spokesmen omit to mention is that just as any army attracts camp-followers, so do the *braceros.* It is impossible—also illegal—not to give these male captives a day off, usually a Sunday. Then prostitutes, professional gamblers, and vendors of liquor, narcotics and worthless jewelry, all hovering close by, relieve *braceros* of a sizable portion of their pay. True, most foremen would no more admit such parasites within camp confines than they would admit a labor organizer. But the parasites are endemic wherever large bodies of men are far from home, especially around pay day.

That *braceros,* accustomed to go to Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation in their native Mexico, find themselves spiritually neglected is obvious. The handful of priests in California who visit "Catholic" labor camps are usually in charge of mission churches. Few have trailer-chapels. Most carry a Mass kit with them in an old jalopy or jeep to some field or orchard, offering Mass as early as 3:30 A.M., as late as 8 P.M. They do get some *braceros* to come to Sunday Mass and evening services, local parishioners furnishing transportation. Local lay catechists also help. In the San Francisco archdiocese and Sacramento diocese, some priests are assisted by the Young Christian Workers (Jocists). But in order to cover as many camps as possible, these priests have to spread their efforts thin.

There may be as few as twenty, as many as thirty such priests in all California to care for *braceros* and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

migrants in the three thousand or so "Catholic" camps. And those they visit may depart in a few days, or at most a few weeks. Even thirty priests would mean only one for every hundred of these "here today, gone tomorrow" camps which may contain as few as fifty, as many as several thousand workers.

Growers and their foremen have pointed out to me—with pride—the good housing they provide such all-year-round workers as office employees, mechanics and truck and tractor drivers. But housing for seasonal pickers is another story. All any grower is legally obligated to provide them is electric lighting, but not heating of any kind. The Housing Division of the State Industrial Department inspects labor camps but it has always been understaffed. Inspectors do frequently report bad sanitation and sewage facilities and various violations of the State Labor Code. But prosecutions are relatively rare, convictions rarer. Sometimes a foreman "takes the rap" and pays a fine. A foreman is seldom jailed, and for forty-four years not one grower has been jailed.

THE GROWERS, of course, can be relied on in election campaigns to give substantial financial support to candidates they favor for office on the community, county, state and national levels. They maintain powerful lobbies in Washington and Sacramento. Legislative efforts to ameliorate the lot of seasonal farm workers fail again and again. Resident field hands haven't enough votes to influence politicians. Migrants lose eligibility to vote because of moving about so much. Obviously, Mexican nationals have no vote.

Recently, with Congressional approval, agreements were made by the United States—still in the role of gigantic labor contractor—with both Japan and the Philippines for importation of "males only" for seasonal farm work in this country, over the protests of both the National Catholic Rural Life Conference and the National Agricultural Workers Union.

In Father McDonnell's two-year study for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, he stated there would be no real shortage of native American farm labor in California if growers would offer as high a rate of pay as industries give unskilled labor. He declared growers could pass on the increased labor cost to processors and ultimately consumers, an increase he maintained would be so slight as to be insignificant. In the matter of canned fruits and vegetables, housewives might have to pay from one to two cents more per can.

His report exploded the contention of growers' associations that American farm workers, whether whites, Negroes or of Mexican ancestry, are either unable or unwilling to do "stoop labor." This priest talked with several thousand farm workers and former farm workers and found that an overwhelming majority preferred working in fields and orchards "to working either in canneries, packinghouses and freezing plants tied in with the field produce, or in heavy industry."

According to Father McDonnell, they thought "outdoor work a lot healthier and more humanly satisfying than indoor work, often done in excessive heat, sometimes on wet and slippery floors, and usually involving noise, eye-strain, risk to life and limb, and assembly line monotony." But most, especially family breadwinners, held they could not subsist on the "prevailing" wages or piece-rate compensation paid the "male only" Mexican nationals.

Their only hope, most said, of ever owning a home and achieving some measure of security was to earn the higher wages offered by industry. But Father McDonnell contends that agriculture in California *is* an industry, and that agriculturalists, via collective bargaining with seasonal workers, should pay wages and benefits comparable to what organized workers are paid in such *other seasonal industries* as construction work, logging, and merchant shipping.

If this were done, and organized resident farm workers were granted unemployment insurance—such as business and industry workers enjoy—Father McDonnell says they could buy homes and settle down in some rural area, even if *the family breadwinner* had to move about considerably, just as do construction workers, loggers and merchant seamen. He holds this would result in rooted populations of home-owning farm workers, to the advantage of growers, who would have them available. Farm workers would then have an additional purchasing power that would strengthen and stabilize California's, and indirectly the nation's, economy.

Thus it is Father McDonnell's belief—and the official stand of the National Rural Life Conference—that if supplemental farm workers ever should be needed they should be brought in *by families* through the normal processes of immigration. But who will concur in Father McDonnell's over-all views? Growers? Legislators? Newspaper publishers? President Eisenhower? The Secretary of Labor? To date, there is much evidence they will not.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Hugh Benson restored to the English an all but forgotten era of their history

Restoration and Prophecy

by ANNE FREMANTLE

AS A PERSON, and as a preacher, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson (1871-1914) is almost forgotten today. Yet he was one of the most spectacularly popular preachers of all time, often crowding as many as five thousand persons into churches to hear him, whether Catholic (Westminster Cathedral) or Protestant (Westminster Abbey). His vitality was such that he could deliver sixty sermons in forty days (in America), write two or three books a year, and yet keep up a lecture, sermon and article schedule that seems almost unbelievable. But his chief, and truly lasting, achievement was to break through, for the first time since the Reformation, the trauma the Reformation had caused in England, and to restore "Recusancy," as the Catholic Faith was called, to its rightful place in English literature and history. Now, after all these years, the historical novels which were the means of this achievement are being reissued in this country by P. J. Kenedy.

What Sir Walter Scott had done more than half a century before for the Jacobites, Benson did for the "old religion" and for the men and women who had "kept the Faith." He wrote of people and of happenings buried under a pall of guilty silence so long that the recalling of them was for many an "agonizing reappraisal" and for others a cry of recognition across the centuries. Where Cardinal Gasquet, for various reasons, failed, Benson succeeded; and he replaced, not only on the bookshelves, but in the hearts of English men, women and young people of both sexes, a whole era of their past. He repeopled with characters both heroic and cowardly, holy and horrible, a time and a space in English history whose amputation by silence had been an act of psychological violence and historical dishonesty. Before the trauma of the Reformation could begin to be cured, the rack had to be faced in all its fury, and this re-presentment of Englishry to the English was Benson's great achievement.

His father was Archbishop of Canterbury, and Hugh, called after Saint Hugh of Lincoln, where his father was prebendary at the time of his birth, was brought up in Lambeth Palace in London and at Addington, near Croydon. Born on November 18, 1871, in, and to, the purple, he never took kindly to paler hues, and everything about him was rich and rare. The fourth son and youngest child of his parents, he was warmly loved at home, his father showing his affection in quite an un-English way, and his mother never wavering in her devotion nor failing to support him even at the very difficult time of his conversion. From his earliest years Hugh refused to go into a room in the dark by himself. Asked what he feared would befall, he said, aged not quite five, with a shudder and a stammer: "To fall over a mangled corpse, squish, into a pool of gore." One of his earliest poems, written at the age of eight, on a swarm of gnats dancing in the sun, ended thus:

> And when they see their comrades laid
> In thousands round the garden glade
> They know they were not really made
> To live for evermore

which shows already the working mind as well as the felicitous phrase.

He won a scholarship to Eton, where his elder brother was already a master. Both his brothers wrote well, and his father and his sister also were published. Hugh's description of Eton, in his *Confessions of a Convert,* is interesting for the light it sheds on what Eton lacks. He tells how his confirmation was postponed a year or two "because I was supposed to be indifferent to it, as indeed I was" and how horrified he was when the son of an Evangelical dignitary persuaded an "old boy" to address his house. This latter delivered an open confession of his own evil living at the school. "Not the substance of the story shocked, but the appalling 'bad form' of alluding to it in a public manner." And Benson notes that "it was the lack of individual dealing with the soul that was accountable for so much evil." While at Eton he won a prize (the Hervey) for an essay on Father Damien. But it was only after he left Cambridge that he received the first touch of personal religion—from the magnificent services in St. Paul's Cathedral and from *John Inglesant,* a novel—and the only book—written by a retired dynamite manufacturer, J. K. Shorthouse. This

Mrs. Fremantle is a contributing editor of The Commonweal. Her novel *By Grace of Love* was recently published by Macmillan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave Benson his first sense of the "person of our Lord" and also set him a literary model which, when he himself came to write, he always had before him. It was the greatest single influence, intellectual or spiritual, in his life.

He was from the first tremendously interested in extra-sensory experiences, and at Cambridge dabbled in spiritualism, in hypnotism ("in which I was fairly proficient"), and in Swedenborgianism. Once, when he thought himself surely dying, he appeared to be unconscious for some two hours but had been occupying this time with speculation as to "what would be the first phenomenon of the supernatural that would disclose itself to me." It never occurred to him either to fear or to doubt.

BENSON was ordained deacon in the Church of England by his father in 1894, and in 1895 became a clergyman. In 1896 his father died suddenly, kneeling in church while visiting Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. Hugh gave communion to Mr. Gladstone and accompanied his father's body back to Canterbury—the first Archbishop to be buried in the Cathedral since the Reformation. Archbishop Benson was very Low-Church, and one day when Hugh asked him if Roman Catholics formed part of the Church of Christ, he replied that he hoped they might, but was afraid their doctrinal errors prevented.

It was the East that converted Hugh Benson. In Egypt he found a Catholic Church, tinselly and tawdry, but not "in the least an appendage to European life carried about like a rubber bath for the sake of personal comfort and a sense of familiarity," as he now feared the Church of England was. In Jerusalem the "Anglican Church was recognized and treated by the rest of Christendom purely as a Protestant sect of recent origin. The Greeks refused him inter-communion, and, "weighted down by a sense of loneliness," Benson returned to England. He was curate in a gentle country parish, where his vicar was High and his squire Low, then became one of the Mirfield Brethren, taking annual vows of celibacy—"we were supposed to pledge ourselves only until such time as we wanted to marry." But he could not long stave off the inevitable. As reading and reflection ripened him, Benson found he was losing the fight. He confessed his Catholic leanings as sins; he read all the available books on the Anglican position; he consulted the most learned Anglican theologians; he clung to a theory of the Church Diffusive, and wrote perhaps his most famous book, *The Light Invisible,* about a priest who was "neither Catholic nor Anglican in particular"; he consulted Tyrrell (of all people), who discouraged him from moving and asked to be remembered in his Mass. Finally, after two years "of very real and appalling struggle," Benson became a Catholic in September 1903, with the full sympathy of his mother, brothers and old nurse. His family took the view that there was nothing else he could in honesty do.

No one, not even Cardinal Newman, has written so frankly on what "Anglicans have to go through before they can make their submission. The purely internal conflict, in which one is drawn every way at once; the soul aches in its intolerable pain; the only relief is found in a kind of passionless Quietism. To submit to the Church seems, in prospect, to be going out from the familiar and the beloved and the understood into a huge, heartless wilderness, where one will be eyed and snubbed and doubted." And he described unforgettably what he found: "I had come from a warm firelit room, full of shadows, into the shouting wind and the great airspaces of human history." And he understood at last that "nothing human is alien to God," and that there is "nothing secular save sin."

AND THEN how he worked! He finished *By What Authority,* the first of his historical romances, during the actual process of his conversion, and also completed *A City Set on a Hill.* Then he went off to Rome to study theology, and in the short space of a year was ordained a priest on June 12, 1904. It was in Rome that he wrote *Oddsfish,* one of the very best of his historical novels, with a superb portrayal of the complex character of Charles II and a magnificent, and completely accurate, account of the King's conversion on his deathbed. He enjoyed Rome, but wrote rather a wry account of it in *Initiation.* He complained in a letter to his mother that he was "degenerating into a quacker at tea tables and I shall probably play lawn tennis in a black flannel shirt when I come home again." Father Martindale, whose two-volume *Life* is, together with A. C. Benson's *Hugh,* the best source for material about Benson as author and as priest, states that Benson poured "his own life as he had lived it hitherto" into *By What Authority.* It is passionately English, full of Benson's own devotion to the country —"the windswept hills with the thistles and the goldenrod and the hazel thickets and the icy wind that sang in the river sedges" and, above all "the glorious hour when the world turns in her sleep and sighs, and the cocks crow, and the cows get up and lie down again. I lay awake till nearly three o'clock this morning and heard it all happen. Sometimes all the larks soar and sing together at the same time."

Perhaps the book is too crowded, too episodic; perhaps, too, as Lord Halifax wrote to the author, the characters are a little too much pegs on which to hang certain opinions, and to exemplify certain facts. "The story seemed to have been written backwards, the conclusions and moral first, then the plot," he said. But the story is certainly seen, not told: the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visions issue from his mind as he saw them, and he tells them as though he were a reporter. He does not work on his plots or his characters, or fuse them. As Father Martindale notes, he does not sufficiently disguise the process by which they become significant for him. And Father Martindale considers the Mary Stuart and Campion episodes dragged in, expendable; yet who could write of that period without wanting to warm his hands by writing of such flames? Benson was many times begged to write a romance about Mary Stuart, but he "trembled to touch it."

Yet his women are authentic enough: Coz Dolly in *Oddsfish,* with her splendid courage and her high temper, and the women in *By What Authority,* Mary Corbet, with her coal-black hair, and her sophisticated ways, and Isabel, romantic and wavering, but in the end able to hold her dying brother in her arms in the Tower are infinitely strong and alive, as is the horrible Elizabeth, the incarnation of "that wanton, cruel, laughing England, intent on strangling the Spirit with her vigorous young hands."

The King's Achievement, his next book, was based like his two previous novels on a manuscript which had come into his possession. Its real hero, Father Martindale says, "is no longer England, but the monasteries." It is full of wonderful scenes, far better integrated than the great slap-dash canvases of *By What Authority*: Anne Boleyn, giddy and girlish up to her death, Thomas More saintly and silly at home in Chelsea, and the horrible Henry VIII, bawdy, immoral, and physically repulsive. *The Queen's Tragedy* which came next is rather undigested: psychology in slabs layered with pages of pageantry—splendid but heavy, like plum cake. It is a book Catholics did not like; they thought he should have made Mary Tudor more sympathetic. An Anglican, H.F.M. Prescott, did just this later, but Benson, who had not spared Elizabeth or her father, was equally brutal with Mary.

Richard Raynal, Solitary, written in 1905, is Benson's masterpiece, and one of the few novels in English —Rose Macaulay's *They Were Defeated* is another— which succeeds in "establishing" a holy hero. Its author regarded it as an "inspired" book, writing of it, "My hermit comes to me straight from heaven. I am more certain that he exists than that I do." And to his mother he notes: "It is extremely mystical, and written in perfectly plain English, hammered with great care. . . I find my handwriting becoming pointed and fifteenth century." The story is simple enough, of a young hermit who believes he is called to visit the King and warn him of his approaching "passion." The hermit is tempted and tortured, but finally is venerated, and dies in the King's own bed. To the end it was his own favorite among his books, and it contains perhaps the most interior of all his many descriptions of the Mass.

Come Rack, Come Rope, written in 1914, was inspired by Dom Bede Camm's account of the Fitzherbert family in *Forgotten Shrines.* It is a grim book, of which the refrain is "It was better so." "Far better the rack, the gallows, the disembowelled body, still horribly alive, with the poor soul still cognisant in its limbs and brains . . . than the disregarding of one syllable, even, of the imperial call of Christ."

OF BENSON'S "contemporary" novels, *The Sentimentalists, The Conventionalists,* and *The Necromancers,* though they "date" badly, are filled with interesting, and valid, Catholic attitudes to psychic phenomena: ghosts, mediums, faith-healing, telepathy and other forms of extra-sensory perception. *Winnowing* has a horse who knows his master is near death; *The Mirror of Shalott* depends entirely on its *uncanniness* for its effect, and *None Other Gods* and *The Coward* have also their "spooky" moments.

But it is his two "prophetic" books, *Lord of the World* and *The Dawn of All* which demonstrate, practically, Robert Hugh Benson's perceptiveness. The possibilities of both ends to the world are fully explored: the reign of anti-Christ in *Lord of the World,* the millennium in *The Dawn of All.* And, contrary though they are, and opposite, they both show this world "redeemed by fire from fire" as T. S. Eliot has put it. They are astonishing, at a very much deeper level than, say, H. G. Wells or Jules Verne, in their anticipation of discoveries undreamed of then. It is not the on-the-hour airships, but the quality of mind-control that is most frightening in *Lord of the World;* it is the *1984* quality of the dictator Julian Felsenburgh. And in *The Dawn of All* the pathos of the vision is not that it could not happen, but that we will not let it. This, we feel as we read, is the real and rational consequence of the Incarnation—were it not for our sins. Instead, Christ is "toiling up new Calvaries ever, with the Cross that turns not back."

There are lots of faults in Benson's writing—he was asked why he didn't take more trouble over his books, and said "I couldn't"—but they are tremendously alive. The passion and the life are there, and the fountains all within. This young priest, so conscious from his earliest years of the "two worlds, how strangely are they one" was present to an intense degree in everything he said and wrote. The manner of his death is one of the best documented and most moving of modern times. His brother wrote it down as it happened, and both A. C. Benson and Canon Sharrock, who said the commendatory prayers, marveled at Hugh Benson's passing. It was wonderful, both said, and indeed the whole life and all the writings of this highly perceptive man are full of wonder—that wonder which is in man at first a mirror that reflects, and at last a window that transmits, the light.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A WORD ABOUT CONSERVATIVES

THE WORD "conservative," like the word "liberal," is as sticky as any found in the political lexicon. It can mean just about anything you want it to mean. As it is currently used, the word is broad enough to cover a whole range of attitudes and beliefs, many of them contradictory.

Even in the dictionary you will find enough definitions to suit your fancy or prejudices, whatever they are. For instance, Webster describes a conservative as one who is "disposed to maintain existing institutions or views; opposed to change or innovation." You can read into that description a portrait of a man who clings stubbornly to worn-out values, one who cannot adjust to change, who obstructs progress and is blind to today's needs because he lives on yesterday's legacy.

Today is tomorrow's yesterday, but this kind of conservative is only interested in the day before yesterday. He distrusts the present and overrates every generation but his own; he believes that all the good ideas were thought long ago. Don't ask me to explain his mentality. I just know it exists. I suppose it has always existed. It has always been around to make life difficult for men with ideas. If it had always prevailed somebody would still be trying to get the wheel patented.

I think the type is more properly known as reactionary. But a reactionary never calls himself a reactionary. He calls himself a conservative and refuses to believe there is any other kind.

Actually the man who is deeply rooted in the past but lives with wholesome zest in the present is a much more genuine conservative. He has a far greater claim to the title than the reactionary.

The genuine conservative has a sense of history, but he is also alive to the present. He trusts the experience of mankind but likewise respects man's capacity to learn from experience. He is for good ideas and against bad ideas, whether they be old or new. He understands that by the nature of things most good ideas are old ideas and most new ideas are not very good. But he keeps an open mind. His forebears gave upstarts like Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, Aquinas, Shakespeare, Bacon and Newton a chance. He is not less generous than they. He will not shut the door on a Darwin, a Freud, an Einstein or a Picasso. He knows that if the reactionaries had their way through the ages there would be nothing for conservatism to conserve.

But the genuine conservative, however much he says yes to the present, remains skeptical about sudden new claims, especially those that would negate and destroy long-cherished values. He wants even good ideas tested. His attitude remains delicately balanced between belief in man and doubt about new revelations. At his ideal best he is a thoroughly poised person.

The conservative upholds law, order and tradition, but he can also be a revolutionary. When law is corrupted, order based on mindless conformity or supine acquiescence, or tradition perverted to shield tyranny, the genuine conservative will turn revolutionary. Such a group of conservative revolutionaries founded this nation.

From the beginning Americans of conservative temper have taken a hand in things when our traditional values were threatened. They are not the first to move. They usually do not start fights, but they are wonderful at bringing them to a successful conclusion. Indeed, they are often the last to recognize threats to democracy. But when their patience is exhausted—as it was in the case of the late Senator from Wisconsin—they move quickly and firmly.

One does not look to such men for innovations, revolutionary inspiration or even the kind of political passion that produces the seed of brilliant new ideas. But one does look to them to preserve the balance and supply the sober judgment that make democracy possible.

I doubt whether such men are self-conscious enough to think of themselves as uppercase Conservatives. Certainly they are found in both parties and in every stratum of society. They do not conceive of conservatism as a movement. They seldom try to articulate a theory to explicate those conservative reactions which come as natural to them as breath. I can not imagine any of them taking his place at a Greenwich Village party with an invisible badge marked "Conservative." I think they would have grave doubts about joining anything called a Conservative Society. Yet they are the only genuine conservatives around. Long may they reign.

The usurpation of the title by anti-liberals (I can think of no positive name) whose temperament, methods, manner, rhetoric, cause-iness, and self-consciousness reflect not the conservative but our native radical tradition, is slightly absurd. For though classic American conservatism may be hard to identify, it is not easily mistaken for a movement which operates in the ideological vein, speaks in the soapbox manner and is shameless about its "message" and its "cause."

Genuine conservatism is not reaction, to be sure. But neither does it have anything to do with impassioned political rhetoric, protest meetings, and the ideological cast of mind associated with the radical Right. The true conservative is anything but the True Believer. The True Believing Conservative—that modern monstrosity—is easily recognized as a fraud.

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STAGE

THE DISTINGUISHED THING

IN ITS RHETORICAL authority and investiture, the security with which it imposes large and resonant motifs, and above all, the occasions it permits for acting of passionate scale and variety, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's production of "Mary Stuart" adds a singular pleasure to the year. Schiller's ceremonial tragedy of romance, in a rendering which seems distinguished for all its intermittent angularity, carries with something of the force of novelty as well as genius: not since Modjeska last presented it in repertory (1900) has it had a professional American staging, and one is moved to wonder publicly, with Mr. Guthrie, why the thousands of German-Americans have made so little effort to transplant and recreate the masterpiece of their drama on our stage. One may speak of Schiller with no more than the academic inadequacy with which one might refer to Goethe or Lessing, yet "Mary Stuart" is tonic and bold, clearing the palate at once of other variations on the theme, cloying or didactic. It impresses with a resplendent coloring and noble *élan,* some curious zest and defensible elevation of feeling which is not merely an issue of the historical moment it records. Indeed, this naive and lovely aspiration of spirit would seem to have been a quality of Schiller's sensibility, which Thomas Mann, in an essay, contrasts with Goethe's enclosed serenity and repose. Certainly, the reverberant collision of the Tudor and the Stuart, with all its tangled justice and irresistible sweep of personality, furnished Schiller with images into which his moral buoyancy and clear, deep tide of passionate idealism might expand. How imposing, too, is the energy and free power with which Schiller restates, in quite perfect Aristotelian balance, a contemporary tragedy of romance, surrendering at no point the modern insistence on psychological complexity. It would be provocative to know if his other tragedies have this sterling and exemplary value as studies in the application of antique motifs to the new testimony of life and the imagination.

Inevitably, the power of such a drama as "Mary Stuart" can be released only in terms of bravura—not the insistent bravura, with its baying assault and specious marshaling of externals, but that bravura which is the sheath and the flower of vigilant searching among modes of ideal representation. By the latter, I do not mean a negation of "realism"—something gratuitous and rhetorical—but rather a closer fidelity to what the Victorian critic Lewes calls "the nature of the character represented under the technical conditions of the representation." Mr. Guthrie often achieves this tone in his handsome arrangements of proportion and stress; the secondary players in "Mary Stuart," perhaps because Schiller has invested their roles with less commitment, only intermittently arrive at it. But Miss Eva Le Gallienne and Miss Irene Worth measure the possibilities, and rise to the exactions, with an energetic imagination which places their performances among the supremely *interesting* of the last decade. Other players have solicited with charm and assault of personality; still more have troubled with some inarticulate throb of dumb yearning and loss: in few, however, has the charge of human energy been so disciplined by the necessity of finding within the unique profile of the particular the massive image of the ideal.

They describe—Miss Le Gallienne and Miss Worth—an arc which has as its poles two permanent antinomies of human experience: nature and spirit; reason and emotion; if you will, the Apollonian and the Dionysiac. Within that field of tension, there is a discharge of will ceaseless and fatal. Miss Le Gallienne's point of departure is psychological, and she prepares her dramatic image in terms of portraiture: nothing affirms the exquisite sensibility of this performance more than the precise, yet subdued, art with which Miss Le Gallienne visually suggests the Tudor face, down to its faint and waxen opacity. She sees Elizabeth as an inhabitant of the kingdom of self-interest and the chilly wit, of conscience and cerebral passion. Yet how beautifully she marks and *fixes* the thrust of egotism, in just those stilled moments when it seems as if mercy and division of mind might overtake resolve. Indeed, Miss Le Gallienne's portrait stands finally—all its motifs delineated; full of so astute a knowledge of the tragic political nature of reality—as a tribute to diligence and art, to wise love, to rigorous labor after truth.

Miss Worth plays the role made celebrated by Modjeska and Madame Ristori, of whose performance Henry James has left an interesting account. He praises "the peculiarly *masterly* way—the firmness, the certainty, the assurance—with which she deals with her part. Her Mary Stuart is full of style; the whole manner in which the part is 'composed' to the eye is one of the great things of the stage." Earlier, he commends "the superbly large way she can distribute effects into such powerful masses." Less cannot be said of Miss Worth's performance, for if Miss Le Gallienne gives this production its exactitude and staying power, Miss Worth's dusky tumult affirms the wild climate of the tragic. Dramatically, the Stuart is Dionysiac: vehement and feckless, to be measured only by the scope of nature. Miss Worth, known to me only for her exquisitely cadenced intensity in "The Cocktail Party," shows an astonishing pliability to these demands; her command of the materials of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tragic theatre is indisputable. Indeed, she seems to me, with Miss Siobhan McKenna, the only other actress on the English-speaking stage who might drive Phaedra and Clytemnestra into actuality. Not least of her distinctions is a voice of which sumptuous music and natural power seem to have been the parents; to this she adds an imagination of sympathy passionate and direct, void of the distractions of realism—the *requisite* imagination for the tragic player. Nothing is false in this performance but the too-studied entrance (or is that an oblique light on the character?), and nothing shows more how total is Miss Worth's conquest of our resistance to the tragic, than the grace with which we acknowledge her note of *eagerness* as Mary goes to death. Mr. Guthrie has devised for this leavetaking an image out of de la Tour—hushed, translucent, the face defined by light—which is a most chastely affecting moment in our theatre. (*At the Phoenix.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

OVER THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES

A TIGHTLY-WRITTEN Graham Greene short story has been stretched by English film-makers into the interesting movie "Across the Bridge." Perhaps the trouble with it is in the stretching; what Greene intended as a character sketch with a sock ending now rambles on until the audience wearies of the thin plot. But in spite of this and some of the absurd English misuses of the American idiom (the locale is the United States and Mexico) the characters and settings manage to hold one's attention. Rod Steiger is excellent in the lead role of a millionaire (German by birth, British by passport) who has embezzled some three million pounds in London and is being pursued by Scotland Yard across America. Dropping his usual speech mannerisms or else burying them in a German accent and the pompous mien of a well-fed capitalist, Steiger gives a perfect portrait of a cynical and ruthless bully whose world crumbles.

In New York when he discovers Scotland Yard is wise to him, the crooked financier heads for Mexico, where he has a fortune tucked away; but on the train he discovers that American newspapers are already publicizing his crime. Also on the train is a Mexican who strikingly resembles the fleeing capitalist. He robs this man's passport and brutally throws him off the moving train. At the border town the capitalist learns that the man whose place he is taking is a political assassin for whose capture a large reward is offered. But nothing seems to faze the suave embezzler, for he is convinced that every man has his price. He learns through bitter experience that he is only partly right. Although he has no difficulty getting into Mexico when an American truck driver (David Knight) turns him in for the reward, he has problems with a wily Mexican police chief (Noel Willman) as well as the Scotland Yard inspector (Bernard Lee).

Although John Stafford has given "Across the Bridge" a good production, it is unfortunate that the middle part of the film is dragged out at such length. The last part in Mexico is fascinating—especially the scenes of the assassin's funeral and the later ones showing the Mexicans giving vent to their hatred for this once-high-and-mighty capitalist who was responsible for the death of the assassin-hero. Director Ken Annakin has caught well the spirit of the Greene characters, who do not fall rigidly into either good or bad categories. Perhaps at the finale when the ostracized capitalist's *only* friend is the assassin's dog, Rod Steiger will remind you too much of Emil Jannings suffering through a sad end, but his performance throughout is of a caliber too seldom seen.

I'M NOT SURE what producer Charles Schnee had in mind in making "Until They Sail," which is a kind of sexy soap opera about New Zealanders in World War II when the men were off fighting on various fronts and the lonely women just couldn't resist the lusty GI's who were defending—and romping through—the islands. Robert Anderson's talky script, based on James Michener's story, is particularly concerned with four sisters whose parents are dead and whose brother is killed in Africa. Although he allows them to gab a lot, Robert Wise has directed his cast well: Joan Fontaine as the eldest of the girls, a rather proper old maid who keeps the other sisters in line until she meets an American captain (Charles Drake) falls for his charms and becomes pregnant before they can get married. The captain is unfortunately killed in action. The next and nicest sister is played by Jean Simmons, as a level-headed young woman who misses her husband dreadfully and who tries to

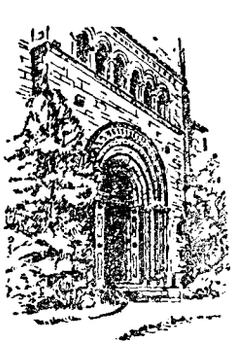
CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE

Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Accredited Catholic college for women. Liberal arts and Science.

For further information write to the Registrar.



Prospective students should make early application

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make life in New Zealand a little more bearable for another American captain (played by Paul Newman). The third sister (Piper Laurie) is a tramp who, as soon as her uncouth husband is in the army, leaves the other girls in Christchurch and scurries off to Wellington to carry on promiscuously with a series of Americans. As the fourth sister Sandra Lee is rather young to be too concerned with men, but she soon learns under her elders' guidance.

Why the Government of New Zealand should cooperate in the making of this sordid movie is not entirely clear, but it did. The film shows off the country well from time to time, but certainly not its people, and especially its women. As for the American soldiers, the slogan "Yanks, Go Home" is appropriate indeed to the GI's of this picture.

SOME TWENTY YEARS ago moviegoers were laughing at "My Man Godfrey," a comedy which grew out of the depression and which had Carole Lombard and William Powell at their best as a spoiled socialite and a gentleman-butler who straightened out her and her wacky family. The remake of this film doesn't seem quite as funny but it still has its moments as June Allyson and David Niven carry on in the lead roles. The 1957 cast also has Robert Keith as June's wealthy father, who is disgusted with his irresponsible family; Martha Hyer as June's mean-spirited but very pretty sister, who tries to win the butler from June; Jeff Donnell as the maid who also casts eyes at David; Eva Gabor as a friend of David's from the international set; Jay Robinson as the mother's protege. But it is Jessie Royce Landis as the mother who is wackiest in this collection of screwballs—an utterly silly woman who makes no sense at all but manages to be charming with all her nonsensequiturs. Ross Hunter has given his picture an elaborate production in Eastman Color and CinemaScope; and Henry Koster has directed his cast with an eye on the jokes. The plot runs a little thin before the movie ends, and the jokes about rehabilitating the poor rich are rather old hat, but "My Man Godfrey" still provides laughs that are always welcome.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

Reversing the Pattern of Half a Lifetime

THE CALLED AND THE CHOSEN. By Monica Baldwin. Farrar, Straus. $3.95.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

TO REVERSE the pattern of half a lifetime can never be easy, especially if it is the formalized and enclosed pattern of a cloistered nun.

Monica Baldwin made such a reversal and wrote about it in her previous autobiographical work, *I Leap Over the Wall.* That book was received with raised eyebrows by many Catholics. Although their disapproval sprang from deeper unease, their major criticism was Miss Baldwin's want of "the religious attitude": a want which should have been obvious and self-evident enough, considering that the point of the book was her discovery that she lacked a religious vocation.

In *The Called and the Chosen,* a fictional version of the same experience, Miss Baldwin makes another attempt to explain her point. No doubt the novel will receive in some quarters the same criticism as the autobiography. People will say, as they said also of Kathryn Hulme's *The Nun's Story,* that to write a story of a woman in a convent without a vocation is not to write a story of a nun, as though this were some new version of the shell game, more graceless than usual. In fact, of course, neither Miss Hulme nor Miss Baldwin pretend that their stories are "nuns' stories" by more than loose and convenient definition.

This point aside, Miss Baldwin writes with clarity, detachment and frequent deep insight, and her novel demonstrates understanding not only of life in the cloister but of life anywhere, of the human condition. In the latter respect, she succeeds where Miss Hulme did not. The value of *The Nun's Story,* for all its admirable qualities, was primarily informational. As a novel it never seemed to get off the ground. *The Called and the Chosen* animates its essential, dramatic situation and exists as far more than a chronicle of dawning dissatisfaction.

The difference is definable in terms of technique as well as in depth. To the attraction of God's love as exampled by the religious life, Miss Baldwin opposes neither sexual love nor vague interior feelings of unrest, but a concrete material pull, the heroine's love for her family tradition, specifically for her house. "Stokesey" becomes for her the symbol of all human achievement and sensibility, preys on her mind after years in the convent, offers her escape in imagination from the immediacies of a life for which she is fundamentally unsuited.

The device is highly effective. When Ursula learns that Stokesey has been let to a family including a young girl, she identifies with the girl, Isabel, who now, living in her rooms, examining her pictures, delighting in the beauty that was hers, becomes an *alter ego.* Isabel marries the man Ursula might have married, but it is the loss of the house, the life, and the *possibility* that Ursula resents; she had scarcely known the man, in the world, and when she dreams of him he appears as a faceless symbol. Only when the newly married couple visit her in the convent does Ursula

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recognize—in their attitudes, seen through the parlor grille—a dimension of worldly life which she had never suspected.

This is a masterly rendition of opposing loves, and curiously more moving than if Ursula's worldly attachment had been focused on a person.

Though unsuited to convent life, neither the author nor her heroine are unappreciative of it. In all its fascinating detail it is lovingly described; the sacrifice of the world is made to seem as heroic as it is, and the nuns themselves emerge as full-drawn personality after personality.

The difficult business of describing Ursula's continuing unhappiness without descent into carping criticism or bitterness is accomplished with equal skill. In diary form, the story records the heroine's failure in attitude as helpless defeat after repeated endeavor. While seeing and sympathizing with Ursula's hopeless struggle, one also sees the triumphs of the other nuns, whose trials differ only in quality, never in quantity.

To the secular reader, it is interesting to observe how Ursula's viewpoint remains "worldly" through all of her real personal heroism. She mentions her dissatisfaction with St. Monica, whom she regards as a mother "far too possessive" of St. Augustine. She has difficulty summoning enthusiasm for St. Thérèse of Lisieux. She remarks that "there are novena people and non-novena people. And I belong, decidedly to the second lot." She is struck by a sermon in which the cloister is told that "one of the greatest dangers for nuns was mediocrity; the deliberate acceptance of the second-best; second-rate standards in the life we had undertaken."

On her twenty-fifth birthday, and after five years in the convent, she mentions "life with no newspapers or magazines, and hardly any letters. I am longing to go out into the world and find out exactly what is going on." She writes, "If I knew more, I believe I should pray better."

These entries emphatically represent the secular view. How many Catholic parents have thought, in reference to their children's schools, that if "the nuns knew more" they might teach "better," if not pray? As much as any worldling, and many nuns, Ursula suffers from suffocation by habit in summer, chills (in a convent without central heating) in winter, wonders "if we are kept intellectually in the nursery, how can one grow up?"

Most delightfully, she quotes another nun to the effect that all Jesuits are potentially "either solicitors or poets" and divisible, therefore, into the categories of the "the shiney" and "the shaggy." On another day she remarks the situation of the lay sisters, formerly from the peasant class, "but today

When is a cure a miracle . . . and how is it verified?

Modern Miraculous Cures

By DR. FRANCOIS LEURET, *formerly with the Medical Bureau of Lourdes,* and DR. HENRI BON. A documented account with many modern case histories. *$3.50*

Vatican Journal

1921-1954

ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK's account of Papal prestige and influence during the reigns of three popes. *Compiled and edited by* MARION TURNER SHEEHAN. *Introduction by* CLARE BOOTH LUCE. *$4.00*

Lines of Life

A novel by FRANCOIS MAURIAC
France's Nobel Prize Winner
$3.50

Now at your bookstore
Write for free Catholic Book List

FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY
101 Fifth Ave., New York 3

If you are interested in CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

. . . or would like to learn about it—

Enjoy finest Contemporary music at its high-fidelity best . . . brilliantly played by one of the nation's outstanding symphony orchestras . . . flawlessly recorded by Columbia Masterworks . . . and interpreted *as the composer intended.*

This is a rare opportunity to possess exclusive **FIRST EDITION RECORDS**—first recordings of newly commissioned works by leading composers, played superbly by the renowned

LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA
Robert Whitney, Conductor

These "collector's item" recordings are available for a limited time, *from the Society only.* They are a priceless collection of new, exciting music . . . the finest expressions of living composers the world over.

"Splendid sound". *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

". . . a service to music unequalled". *Christian Science Monitor*

". . . the reproduction is a model of clarity". *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

". . . recording and performances, excellent". *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

". . . quality higher than critics dared hope". *Time Magazine*

In addition to their musical brilliance and technical perfection, First Edition Records give you the satisfaction of establishing yourself as a patron of today's finest music. The Louisville Philharmonic Society is a non-profit organization . . . income from record sales is used in the commissioning of still further works.

● TRY THEM—NO OBLIGATION! ●

LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
Dept. L-8, 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville 3, Ky.

Please enter my subscription for First Edition Records (12", LP, two sides) and ship me the current release, at the subscription price of $4.98, postage prepaid.

I understand that, if I am dissatisfied in any way, I may cancel this subscription within 30 days, and keep the record, without cost. Otherwise you may continue to send me future releases (one every two months, at $4.98 each) until I cancel my subscription.

I also understand that this subscription entitles me to buy previous issues, if I wish them, at $6.95 each instead of $7.95.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational

NEW JERSEY

Caldwell College

Caldwell, New Jersey. A four year liberal arts college conducted by the Sisters of Saint Dominic. Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Liberal Arts, Sciences, Business, Teacher Training, Library Science, Music. Tuition $350, Board $550. Degrees: B.A., B.S., A.A. Catalogue: The Registrar, Caldwell, N.J.

Delbarton School

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

RHODE ISLAND

Portsmouth Priory

A Monastery and School at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. A community of American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation. Inquiries concerning the work of the Monastery, and the qualifications required for the monastic life, should be addressed to the Very Reverend Father Prior.

Portsmouth Priory School

Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport, on inland waters of Narragansett Bay. Conducted by Benedictine Monks assisted by Lay Masters. Five forms, 8th grade and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course for all colleges and technical schools. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Languages. College Board Examination. Full facilities for athletics including sailing. Address the Headmaster.

there seem to be no peasants left." The new lay sisters she thinks "educated, even sophisticated," and foresees a future in which they will become "sanctified suffragettes."

But not all of Miss Baldwin's novel is on this practical level. She has a great deal to say about the love of God, and says some of it, at least, in terms inspiring to the lay reader, perhaps to the religious reader as well. A double twist at the end of the story changes the fate of Stokesey and of its former mistress, and contains the germ of real vocational discovery, at last.

Wounds and Wrenches in German Lives

TOMORROW AND YESTERDAY. By Heinrich Boll. Criterion. $4.50.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

PROBABLY as much as any German novelist since World War II, Heinrich Boll, writing of the people of his country and of the great wounds and wrenchings in their lives, has consistently kept his stories under the discipline of his craft. Almost anyone writing in Germany during the past two or three decades must have found it especially hard to create seriously a work of fiction which would not bulge somehow under the weight of an "argument," a statement—condemnatory or otherwise—about the nation that for a while belonged to the Nazi party.

Boll's writings are by no means lacking in "significance"; they are in many senses indictments and apologies and explanations and lamentations; but at their best they are so precisely because Boll is true to his craft and willing to let his creations speak for themselves. And when not at their best, his writings seem to be faulty because he is still struggling with his art, not because he is determined to deliver a message.

In his fourth novel to be published in this country, which is in many ways very good and in some ways awkward and unsuccessful, Boll creates a large cast of characters, centering around a woman, now nearing forty, whose husband, a promising young poet, was killed in the war in 1942. The place is a city that the author calls Brunn; the time, around 1953. The woman's son Martin is eleven, and to him his father is only a youth in a photograph: "The smiling young man, a pipe in his mouth, far too young to be the father of an eleven-year-old boy. . . ." Martin has a young friend, Heinrich, born in a cellar during an air raid, whose father also was killed in the war. Heinrich is a black-market agent, and his mother has a series of "uncles" who stay with her. The people who live in Martin's house have been more fortunate in their attempts to salvage what they can of personal integrity. There is an eccentric old grandmother and her

SPRING SEMESTER IN VIENNA

A 5½ month program of study and travel in Europe for the undergraduate student. Take the English-taught courses offered by the University of Vienna. Live in an Austrian home and travel through eight countries on 3 study tours. $1195 price includes round trip ocean passage, room, board, tuition and travel. *Sailing*: Early February 1958. *Applications by*: Dec. 30, 1957.

For more information and application forms, please write to:

THE INSTITUTE OF EUROPEAN STUDIES

35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College Campus tradition of charm and friendliness since 1840. An accredited college; B.A., B.S., B.F.A. degrees. Music, art, secretarial training, journalism, home economics, teaching, speech and radio. Interesting cultural, athletic, social programs. Well-equipped buildings. Catalog.

BOX 107, SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, INDIANA

Holy Cross Brothers

Serve God through

- Teaching
- Writing
- Social work
- Missions
- Clerical Work
- Trades

For information write:

Brother Eymard, C.S.C. 108 Dujarie Hall Notre Dame, Indiana

or

Brother Bartel, C.S.C. St. Edward's University Austin 4, Texas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old friend Bolda; there is Uncle Albert, but he is not like Heinrich's "uncles"; there is a pious old man named Glum who goes to Mass every morning, and who can remember the Siberian village where he was born, where once a year the local "chieftain" would sacrifice a young boy to the river.

Looking for ?

Christian and modern
CHRISTMAS CARDS
Write to

CONCEPTION
Abbey + Press

Box 717
Conception, Mo.
Box of 20 for $2

Classified

• *RATES, payable in advance: 16⅔¢ a word (6 words, $1). Centered lines, $1 each. 12 words or 2 lines minimum. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.*

Irish Books and Gifts

• Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs.
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
870 Lexington Ave., (near 65th) New York

British Books

• FOR THAT UNUSUAL GIFT
write for free Christmas issue
of our catalog "Britain's Best Books".
BRITISH BOOK CENTRE, Dept. CW
122 East 55th St., New York 22

Chesterton and Belloc

• All Chesterton's and Belloc's Books
250 Titles, Free Catalogue.
Prosser, 3118 N. Keating, Chicago 41, Ill.

Creche Figures

• CATHOLIC CO-OPERATIVE IN INDIA offers hand carved ivory crib, five figures, 3", $10; carved wood, twelve figures, 6", $50. Please make checks payable to MRS. LUDLOW KRAVIS, 8 Waterway, Manhasset, N.Y.

Parish Library Bulletin

• MONTHLY PARISH LIBRARY BULLETIN. Advance descriptions of selected books for the Parish Library. Sent free to Parish Libraries upon request. The Thomas More Association, 210 West Madison Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Sleep Learning

• LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! DETAILS FREE. Sleep-Learning Association, Box 610-CM, Omaha 1, Nebraska.

Teaching Aids

"SING A SONG OF SAFETY"—21 SAFETY SONGS (illustrated). Favorite teaching aids in thousands of class rooms, homes and parochial schools. Perfect gift item. The book: $1.50; record album: $2.10. Irving Caesar Publishing Co., 1619 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"SING A SONG OF FRIENDSHIP"—SONGS (illustrated) of human rights, community harmony, inter-racial understanding and world friendship, in use in thousands of public schools and community centers. Perfect gift item. The book: $1.95; record album: $3.95. Irving Caesar Publishing Co., 1619 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Tomorrow and Yesterday is intricately composed; Boll uses a partially fragmentary technique somewhat like that of Faulkner or of Ford Madox Ford in *The Good Soldier*. The novel is not completely effective, partly because of its repetitions of phrase and imagery.

The plot lines of *Tomorrow and Yesterday* are not tightly woven. The principal story is of Martin's mother Nella, after she happens to meet the man who, as a lieutenant in the Army, sent her husband to his death unnecessarily. Around her strong but indefinite desire to avenge her husband's death is arranged a complex series of incidents and speculations involving the financial troubles and moral situations of many other characters. The novel has an ambitious scope, and there are many beautiful passages both of bitterness and of warmth.

Boll, though writing of a milieu that is predominantly stultifying, dreary, cynical—a defeated nation after a war of unspeakable horror, a generation of people whose lives at their very centers have been irrevocably contorted — nevertheless has extraordinary depth of feeling. Just as his *Acquainted with the Night* struck chords of sorrow and compassion, *Tomorrow and Yesterday* has many strong and eloquent passages, celebrating human love and human pleasure. The peculiar old grandmother dines out: "She loved big helpings of rich food, thick soups, and heavy casseroles. . . . She ordered roast meat in thick slices and then sniffed it, stabbed it with knife and fork to test its tenderness, and ruthlessly sent it back whenever it failed to meet her approval."

But most haunting of all are the gentle moments celebrating compassion, which passes, rarely and suddenly, from one person to another in a look or touch or word, clearing away clouds of fear and hatred.

REVIEWERS

Jean Holzhauer is a frequent contributor of articles and reviews.

Edwin Kennebeck is on the staff of a leading New York publishing house.

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY BOOKS

☐ **MYSTERY AND MYSTICISM by A. Ple, Louis Bouyer and others.** The distinguished members of the Church who have contributed to this book have endeavored to clarify the great fund of Christian Doctrine derived from true Christian mysticism. $4.75

☐ **INSIGHT: A STUDY OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING by Bernard J. F. Lonerggan, S.J., S.T.D.** This book is most opportune for the time is now ripe for a philosopher who accepts the findings of modern schools of thought and is prepared to attempt the task of presenting a view of human life and knowledge as a whole. In grounding his study in a thoroughly modern enquiry into the nature of insight or understanding, the author maintains he has chosen about the one point of departure from which it is still reasonable to make such a survey. $10.00

☐ **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE PAPACY by Hans Kuhner.** The primary intention of this work is to give, as far as source material is available, an individual biographical sketch of the life and pontificate of every pope from St. Peter to Pius XII. $6.00

☐ **THE DIVINE QUEST IN MUSIC by R. W. S. Mendl.** This book examines the works of the major composers as an expression of religious emotion—from the great liturgical masters, Palestrina, Vittoria and Lassus, through Mozart, Berlioz and Wagner, to the composers of our time. $7.50

☐ **THE BACKGROUND OF PASSION MUSIC: J. S. BACH AND HIS PREDECESSORS. by Basil Smallman.** In this book the author attempts to relate Bach's Passion music to its historical background and to show how Bach built upon the techniques of the previous century, infusing into them a new and vital spirit.

Basil Smallman is a Lecturer in Music in the University of Nottingham. Illustrated. $3.75

☐ **PLATO AND THE CHRISTIANS. by Adam Fox.** Canon Fox has selected, translated and annotated those passages from Plato which have some bearing on Christian theology and morals. Each passage is correlated with a text from the Bible to show its relevance to Christian doctrine. The author is Archdeacon of Westminister, London, England. $6.00

☐ **DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY. Dagobert D. Runes, Editor.** This compact handy volume, all-embracing in content, clear in exposition, objective in viewpoint and authoritative, is invaluable for the teacher, the student, or the layman. $6.00

☐ **MEISTER ECKEHART SPEAKS Edited and Introduced by Otto Karrer.** Here is a short introduction and anthology of the devotional writings of the famous thirteenth-century Dominican mystic, Meister Eckehart. Texts from his writings deal with many aspects of the spiritual life and the editor presents them together with a long introductory article not only on Eckehart's outward life, but his spiritual development also. $2.75

☐ **A CEDAR OF LEBANON by Father Paul Daher.** The remarkable story of Father Charbel Makhlouf, a Maronite monk of Lebanon, at whose tomb miracles have been occurring regularly since his death in 1898. Since his death, his tomb in the monastery of St. Maro, at Annaya, has become a center of religious revival in the East. This first full-length biography reveals to the Western world much that is unfamiliar about the Church in the East. $6.00

☐ **THE ESSENCE OF THE BIBLE by Paul Claudel.** Claudel's last work is more than an inspired commentary on his enduring source of inspiration; it is a frank, moving affirmation of an aging poet's unshakable faith. The reader will marvel at the luminous sense of hope, poetic insight and vaulting imagination that bring out the matchless beauty of the Holy Writ. Translated by Wade Baskin. $3.00

☐ **COMMUNISM ON THE DECLINE by George C. Guins.** An analysis of conditions inside the Soviet Union, concluding that Russian Communism is disintegrating. The author comments on recent developments inside the U.S.S.R. $7.50

☐ **OUR LORD AND OUR LADY By Alexander P. Schorsch and S. M. Dolores Schorsch.** A combined Christology and Mariology, whose purpose is to investigate the prerogatives of Mary and Jesus in the redemption of Man, based not only upon the Scriptures, but upon papal pronouncements and the teachings of the Church fathers and theologians.

Alexander P. Schorsch is dean emeritus of the De Paul University Graduate School. S. M. Dolores Schorsch is supervisor of schools at De Paul University. $4.50

☐ **SCIENCE VERSUS PHILOSOPHY By F. G. Connolly.** The recent revival of interest in the Science-Philosophy conflict has occasioned lively controversy among Aristotelian-Thomistic philosophers. The author, an associate professor at the University of Notre Dame, takes an intermediate position and reappraises the various fields of human knowledge in the light of the profound changes which have taken place since the days of Thomas Aquinas. $3.75

☐ **SCIENCE AND THE LOVE OF GOD by Frank Pirone.** Drawing on his wide experience as a practicing psychiatrist, the author has developed a philosophy which brings the latest scientific knowledge into harmony with the oldest religious truths. His conclusion is that the study of science and the love of God may become one. $4.25

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Mail to your favorite bookseller or directly to
PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, Publishers
15 East 40th St., Dept. A-72, New York 16, N.Y.

Send books checked. To expedite shipment I enclose remittance $.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing a special Pre-Publication Offer on

The London SHAKESPEARE

All the 37 Comedies, Tragedies, and Historical Plays, and all the Sonnets and Poems of William Shakespeare... completely re-edited in the light of 20th century scholarship and research

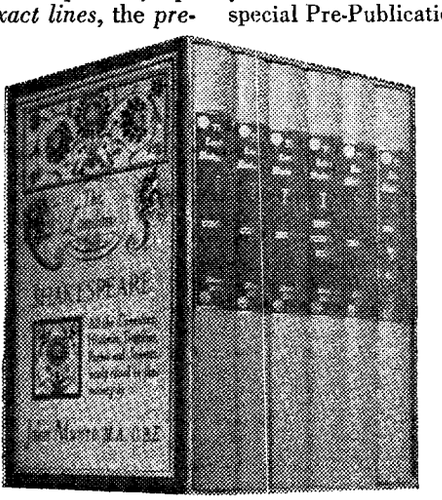
Prepared for Her Majesty's Printers, Eyre and Spottiswoode, with historical and critical commentaries by the distinguished Elizabethan scholar, JOHN MUNRO. Presented in six volumes of 900 pages each (boxed), bound in buckram and vellum, stamped in 24 kt. gold. To be distributed in America by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

ON November 15th, 1957—after 12 years of literary exploration and painstaking research—the First Edition of THE LONDON SHAKESPEARE will at last be published in America. The six volumes which comprise the set will be printed in England and bound in the United States, thus combining the finest craftsmanship of both countries.

The Greatest Treasure of the English Language—Now in an Edition Designed to be Read as Living Literature

For this London Shakespeare, all the skill and techniques of modern literary scholarship have been scrupulously applied to the problem of recovering the *exact lines*, the *precise words*, of all the plays, poems and sonnets *as Shakespeare actually intended them.*

The magnitude of the research required, and the literary significance of this new edition are indicated by the fact that in *Hamlet* alone there are several hundred changes. In *Richard III* there are more than 1,100 differences between the London Shakespeare and previously accepted editions.



The Most Authoritative (as Well as the Most Beautiful) Edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works Ever Published

On his research and editorial work alone, Major Munro spent *ten years* — thoroughly exploring the mass of conflicting Shakespeare documents, editions, and data that have accumulated over the past three centuries. He compared the original Quartos and Folios printed during and immediately after the poet's lifetime. He compared every important edition issued since—including the long-considered "standard" Cambridge text of 1864, and the more recent Yale, New Cambridge, and Arden editions. He took into account every known scholarly work bearing on the problems of Shakespeare's text.

From this vast and voluminous study, Major Munro evolved the meticulously edited THE LONDON SHAKESPEARE — determining the authentic lines by dint of endless comparisons made in the light of the most recent discoveries about Elizabethan language, printing practices, editing methods, and theatrical traditions.

Except where meter might be affected, modern punctuation and spelling have been used throughout this new edition. The reader need no longer be irritated by useless, archaic contractions. However, the original spellings, as well as interesting interpretations (and brilliant but unsubstantiated guesses) from earlier editions are made available in scholarly footnotes. The lines are liberally spaced, one column to the page. The names of the characters are printed in full (not Ham., but HAMLET), and set in easy-to-read type.

Save $7.05 On This Special Pre-Publication Offer

A work of this gigantic size and scope—executed with the finest printing, paper and binding—would ordinarily be priced at $50 or more. However, we believe so many cultured Americans will wish to own and give First Edition copies, that we may be able to increase the size of the first print order enough to bring the price down to $30.

In order to build up the size of this first printing, (and thus reduce the cost per set) we are accepting advance reservations at substantially less than the contemplated price. By entering your reservation now, you will receive the complete set at a special Pre-Publication Price of only $22.95, a saving to you of $7.05. And your reservation will be honored at that price even if the final retail price of the set is more than the anticipated $30. (*This offer expires Nov. 30, 1957.*) We believe you will want to have this great work — not only for yourself and your children, but for Christmas giving, too.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply mail your reservation today. If after you have examined the set for two weeks, you are not sure that you will treasure it all your life, return it and owe nothing. Otherwise, we shall bill you at the special Pre-Publication Price. Mail coupon to your bookseller, or: SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Dept. CM, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

RESERVATION CERTIFICATE

To your bookseller, or
Simon and Schuster, Publishers
Dept. CM, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me as soon as it comes from the bindery—a First Edition Set of THE LONDON SHAKESPEARE (in 6 volumes, gold-stamped and boxed, over 5,400 pages.) If after reading and examining it for two weeks at my leisure I am not delighted, I may return the books and owe nothing. Otherwise you will bill me at the special pre-publication price of only $22.95 (plus postage)—even if the final publication price is higher than the $30 now anticipated.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone (if any) .....State.....

☐ If you want *more than one set*, indicate the number of EXTRA sets you wish reserved for Christmas giving—and billed to you at the special pre-publication price.

(Mail at once to take advantage of this special offer which EXPIRES NOV. 30, 1957.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED